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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JAMES M. MOODY,

(LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM NORTH CAROLINA),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE,

FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS,
SECOND SESSION.

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HON. JAMES M. MOODY

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Death of Representative Moody.

Proceedings in the House.

February 5, 1903.

REPRESENTATIVE MOODY, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. Kluttz. Mr. Speaker, it is my sad duty to announce to the House the death of my friend and colleague, Hon. James Montraville Moody, a member of this House from the State of North Carolina. He died at 1.30 o'clock p. m. to-day at his home in Waynesville, N. C. This House has lost one of its most faithful and useful members, and his State a public servant who has honored her in this Congress, as in every other official position he has ever held.

I shall not at this time trust myself to make any extended remarks, but at some future day his colleagues will ask the House to take such action upon his death as in its judgment is proper. I ask the adoption of the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has learned with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. James Montraville Moody, member of this House from the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That a committee of members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to take order concerning the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate, and transmit a copy of the same to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on the adoption of the resolution.

The question was taken; and pending the announcement of the vote, by unanimous consent of the House, the Speaker pro tempore announced the names of the following members to attend the funeral of the deceased: Mr. Kluttz, of North Carolina; Mr. Blackburn, of North Carolina; Mr. Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina; Mr. Brownlow, of Tennessee; Mr. Gibson, of Tennessee; Mr. Tate, of Georgia; Mr. Finley, of South Carolina; Mr. Johnson, of South Carolina; Mr. Lamb, of Virginia; Mr. Haugen, of Iowa; Mr. Henry, of Connecticut; Mr. Randell, of Texas; Mr. Cooney, of Missouri; Mr. Pou, of North Carolina; Mr. Small, of North Carolina; Mr. Clark, of Missouri; Mr. Wright, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Cochran, of Missouri.

The resolutions were agreed to; and then, in accordance therewith, and in pursuance of its previous order (at 5 o'clock and 5 minutes p. m.), the House adjourned until 10 o'clock a. m. to-morrow.

FEBRUARY 10, 1903.

MEMORIAL SERVICES ON THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE MOODY.

Mr. KLUTTZ. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of the resolution I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That when the House meets on Sunday, February 22, 1903, it shall consider resolutions memorial of the life and public services of Hon. JAMES M. MOODY, late a Representative from the Ninth Congressional district of North Carolina.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from North Carolina asks unanimous consent for the present consideration of the resolution. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

The resolution was agreed to.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

FEBRUARY 22, 1903.

The House met at 12 o'clock m., and was called to order by Mr. MOODY, as Speaker pro tempore.

The Chaplain of the House, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Eternal, ever living God, our Heavenly Father, we bless Thee for that spirit of patriotism and profound gratitude which moves the people throughout our nation to meet in commemoration of the birth of him whom we delight to call the Father of our Country. We thank Thee for that mentality which enabled him to grasp and solve great problems; for that divination which enabled him to penetrate the future and predict results; for that personality which enabled him to command men; for the fervor of his religious nature which enabled him to rely upon Thee for strength and support, and which brought him to his knees at Valley Forge, the darkest hour in that struggle for liberty, right, and justice, where he received consolation and light. Long may his memory live in the hearts of his countrymen, and longer yet his deeds inspire men to truer, nobler life.

We meet here to-day in special service to commemorate the lives and characters of men who have wrought upon the floor of this House and made conspicuous their names in history. We bless Thee for them and for what they did. Let the light which came down from Heaven in the person of Thy Son fill the hearts of the bereaved, that they may see beyond the veil

that larger life in the mansions above. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Mr. KLUTTZ. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from North Carolina offers the resolutions which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That in pursuance of the special order heretofore adopted, the House proceed to pay tribute to the memory of the Hon. JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a faithful and distinguished public servant, the House at the conclusion of the memorial proceedings shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be, and he is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to.

MARCH 2, 1903.

MESSAGE FROM THE SENATE.

The message also announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JAMES M. MOODY, late a Representative from the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, in order that fitting tribute be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the Senate, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, do adjourn.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Address of Mr. Kluttz, of North Carolina.

Mr. Speaker: James Montraville Moody was my warm personal friend. I had known him for many years, and our friendship dated from our first acquaintance. We differed widely in politics, but it is a pleasure now to recollect that our personal relations were never affected thereby. He was a true son of North Carolina, and his heart was big, like the mountains at whose base he was born and reared and buried.

No man in a single term in Congress ever acquired more general esteem and confidence than he.

Never noisy or demonstrative, but always courteous, obliging, indefatigable, intelligent, he compelled the good will of his associates and accomplished much for his constituents.

So lately did he move among us in apparent health and strength it is hard to realize that, in the very maturity of his powers, he has gone from us to join the silent "democracy of the dead." Few who met him in his last days of service here knew that he was bearing about with him, consciously, yet bravely and silently, the almost certainty of his speedy outgoing. Loyal to his own, he went home to die.

Born February 12, 1858, he was not yet 45 years of age, yet in the brief span of his life he had filled many positions of trust, and always with honor.

As prosecuting attorney for his judicial district, as State senator, as major and division commissary in the Spanish-American war, and latterly as a Representative in this House, he had worn all honors worthily and well. Simple in his habits, unostentatious in his manner, genial in his address, candid, and yet considerate of the feelings of all, he was

emphatically a man of the people, and the people loved him. Most touching were the demonstrations of affection and regret as we laid him to rest beneath the shadows of his own loved mountains, his bier surrounded by weeping multitudes of life-long friends and neighbors. A beloved wife and six devoted children survive him, but they mourn not as those who have no hope, for in life, "before the evil days came nigh," he made his peace with God and died in that peace which passeth all understanding.

Let us be warned of the uncertainty of life by his untimely taking off.

> Art is long, and time is fleeting,
> And our hearts, though stout and brave,
> Still like muffled drums are beating
> Funeral marches to the grave.

Decay and dissolution are irrevocably written by the iron pen of destiny across the page of life. Life and death are interwoven in our being in the very hour of birth, and in all life we bear the seeds and certainty of death. The conflict between these forces is irrepressible, the end inevitable.

"It is appointed unto all men once to die." "One event happeneth to all; as dies the fool so dies the wise man."

Fortunate is our endowment, that we can not fully realize these great truths in personal application, else life would be but living death.

And yet to each of us the dread summons must come, as it has come to all who have lived before us.

> The fathers, where are they?

To each of us, if spared from "battle, murder, and sudden death," there will some time come a sickness unto death. There will be a last gathering of friends and loved ones around the bedside, a few faintly spoken adieus, a stilling of the life pulse, and the dark wing of the death angel will brush out our

mortal vision forever. There will be the hush of whispered voices, and the soft tread of slippered feet in the silent chamber of death, a little cortege to the tomb, and the clods of the valley will cover us.

And is this all? Endeth thus the dream of life in the darkness and death damp of the grave?

Shall the funeral pall enshroud us forever? Has He who planted reproductive life in the insensate and inanimate failed or forgotten it in his highest creature, man? Is man of less account than seed, and fruit and flower, and egg and nut, that he should die forever, while they perpetuate life perennially?

Nay, verily the lesson of all life is that man is immortal and his life eternal.

The grave but vainly entombs the chrysalis of immortality.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" Yea and amen; by every analogy of life, by every law of nature, by every principle of evolution, by every deduction of biology, by every yearning of the soul, by every revelation of God he shall live again, and live forever. Annihilation is the exceptional nightmare of wailing despair; immortality the universal intuition of hoping humanity.

And what of that life in the great beyond? We build for it here day by day, and as certainly as the builder determines the character of his structure by the material used, so certainly do we determine our status in the great hereafter by the life we now live in the flesh. "Be not deceived; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

It is a consolation to believe that our departed friend builded well; that he found the more than philosopher's stone—the pearl of great price—and that it is well with his soul.

The admonition of this solemn hour is, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

Mr. Speaker, I ask permission to append to these remarks some extracts from the funeral address by Rev. J. E. Abernethy, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Waynesville, N. C., who was Mr. MOODY'S pastor. I also ask unanimous consent that members who so desire may have leave to print.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. That order has already been made.

The extracts from the funeral address of Rev. J. E. Abernethy are as follows:

Like the majority of great men, Mr. MOODY spent the first part of his life in the midst of stubborn difficulties. While he was only a poor boy laboring on the farm, ardent desires to become useful and distinguished, hopes and dreams of future greatness, those voiceless longings for immortality, filled his veins with fire. The restless emulation that at first thrilled his ambitious heart at the mention of great names, the wild hopes which flushed the cheek and made the pulse beat quick as he pondered upon the future, never left him. His heart was of heroic mold. As he struggled up the steep and thorny way of life, his mighty courage laughed at the obstacles that crowded about him. Difficulties that have daunted and dismayed other men were but stepping stones to him. He had that assurance which is ever the companion of genius and that royal faith whose eagle eye pierced through the darkest night and saw the day beyond. Like the boy of Sparta, when his sword was too short he added a step to it. Finally he was crowned with success.

For twenty years he has been a leader in almost every public interest of this county. His optimistic spirit, his commanding presence, his wealth of of common sense, always placed him in the forefront of the great movements of his people. He had the divine art of doing great things with ease.

As a representative of the bar he was one of the most successful of the State. He was especially prominent as a criminal lawyer. His public service gave general satisfaction to all classes of people, regardless of faith or party. As State senator, as Congressman, no man ever labored more enthusiastically for the good of his county. He seemed to have every man's interest at heart, and he labored hard that he might do the best for each and all. He was devoted to his work, and no social occasion ever persuaded him away from duty.

But it is not necessary to speak at length of his public services. Their character is the best attestation of their worth and sincerity. They glow upon his country's history. They burn in shimmering glory upon his country's banner. They are written upon hearts of multitudes with a stylus of fire.

As a man he was a center of attraction, a favorite among all classes of people. To know him was to love him. His great heart and personal magnetism, his manly sympathy and noble affability, charmed thousands into his friendship. On this ground many men of the opposite political faith forgot their own party and voted for him.

It has been said that he was as familiar with the Congressmen, the President, and his Cabinet, as he was with the men of his own town, and at the same time the poorest boy—the most friendless man in all these mountains—found in him a friend in the truest sense. He was preeminently a friend to the poor and needy. When he could help his friends, he did it promptly and with great pleasure. When he was unable to do a friend a favor he did not rest until he found some one who could. He was often in debt, but it was due to the fact that he borrowed money to lighten some man's burden.

Like all other men, he had his faults, but he was so generous, so charitable, so warm-hearted, so great that many people never recognized anything in his life but the virtues that made him prominent. He was a man of marked character, of pronounced qualities, of Roman dignity, and deserved distinction. There was an inflexible integrity in his public conduct, an indescribable fascination in his familiar conversation, a condensed energy in his discourse, a quickness of perception, a vigor of deduction, a directness and devotedness of purpose in all he did as a representative of the people.

Major MOODY'S life was an incarnation of the proverb of Sallust: "Every man is the architect of his own fortune."

Many a poor and helpless boy will see in his life an illustration of the mighty fact that the way to greatness is open to all, and from that illustration many will receive an inspiration to rise from their poverty, ignorance, and lethargy, and take the way that leads to prosperity and renown. Great men by the study of his life will become greater. Representatives from our Government will receive from his example a new accession to their love of patriotism and their passion for national prosperity.

The news of his death waked the keenest grief in the hearts of thousands. Countless homes have been darkened by the shadow of this death angel's wing. Language has no power to express the overshadowing, overpowering sense of our country's common loss.

When his spirit left us, we could but exclaim—

> "Another beacon light blown out above us,
> Another buoy bell stilled upon the sea."

We all but feel as if a corpse were lying in our own homes.

Now that he has been taken from our midst, he who has been a guide and a leader in this generation, he who has been so strong to stand and so bold to go forward, he who has been such a fortress and tower to so

many—now that he is gone forever, may God's richest blessings rest upon all who are bereaved.

Heavenly Father, send Thy grace and consolation to this mourning people. Bless the wife—Thou who hast put in the Holy Bible so many words for the widow, bless and comfort and guide her through life.

Let Thy richest grace comfort these children. Lead each one of them into the very best and most useful life. Grant unto them to feel the immense responsibility of inheriting the fame of their father. God Almighty, bless every friend and loved one who has been made sad by this death.

Help us all, Thou great God of our salvation, help us all to consecrate our lives to Jesus Christ. May we all be a blessing to our country and make our generation better for having lived.

Finally, give us a home in Thy glorious and eternal Kingdom, and the praise shall be Thine forever.

ADDRESS OF MR. POU, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Others have spoken of the life work of our deceased friend. Others have told of the struggle of his early manhood; how he overcame every obstacle and rose to prominence; of his success at the bar and in the political arena. It is merely my purpose to place a little bunch of acacias on his grave in token of my friendship for my dead colleague.

While his name still lingers upon the records of this Congress, while we still see his familiar face, it is well we should pause to speak of his good qualities, that those who come after us may know that when JAMES M. MOODY died his State lost a devoted son and his country a patriotic Representative in Congress.

How soon the greatest are almost entirely forgotten! For a moment we may think the services of the most eminent member of this body are indispensable to his country, and yet, when Providence shall call him hence, his place will be immediately filled and the machinery of Government never for an instant will stop. It were well if we could all keep in mind that life is but death's prelude, simply execution's stay.

I desire to record this estimate of our deceased friend. He was kind-hearted and generous. He despised not one of God's creatures. He could not cherish malice. He was tender in his home. It was not characteristic of him to speak evil of any man. He ardently loved his State. He was an American, willing to risk his life for his country. He was honest in his convictions. As a lawyer he was faithful to his clients; as solicitor in the courts he was faithful to his State; as a Representative in Congress he was faithful to the interest of the Republic as God gave him light to see.

And he believed in God. In the thunder he heard His voice, in the sunshine he saw His smile, and in the growing crops he perceived His all-pervading goodness and mercy.

As the spirit of this generous, patriotic man was passing out, as the beautiful mountains around his home were fading in life's twilight, as the merry laughter of rippling Richland was dying in his ears, let us hope it was mercifully granted to him to see the white spires of the Celestial City and hear the music of the eternal morn.

Address of Mr. Gibson, of Tennessee.

Mr. Speaker: It was said by Mark Antony in the Roman forum, with the dead body of the greatest of all Romans before him—

> I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

We come here to-day not to bury our late colleague and associate, James Montraville Moody, but to praise him. He was a man who deserved praise. Born and reared in the mountains of North Carolina, he was emphatically a mountain man, possessing all of the characteristics of the best specimens of typical mountaineers. I know these mountaineers. I have lived among them. Whenever I strike a mountaineer, I have a certain measure of respect for him, for he has come from the hands of God, without the additions which art or fashion puts upon the most of men. He is emphatically a God-made man. The mountain men, not only of North Carolina, but of every section of our country, and especially the mountain men from the regions east of the Mississippi, have been noted during the whole of our history for the possession of many of the grandest characteristics that adorn eminence in manhood, citizenship, and patriotism.

The mountain men of North Carolina, like those of Tennessee, are Nature's own children. You need not go among them to find leaders of fashion or gay followers of frivolity. They do not belong to the class who—

> Caper nimbly in a lady's chamber
> To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

But as friends none are more true, as citizens none are more patriotic, as Christians none are more devout.

When the shadow of war darkens over the land, when the drum beats and the bugle blows, when the flag is run up in the sky, and the President calls on the brave and the patriotic to rally to the defense of our country, nowhere between the Atlantic and the Pacific, nowhere between the Lakes and the Gulf, do you find more men to rally or men to rally more quickly under the banner of their country than the stalwart sons of these mountains, and none braver or stronger.

In the dark days of the American Revolution, when the cause of old England seemed in the ascendency, when the hearts of Washington and his compeers had begun to weaken, and the bright-winged dove of hope seemed about to fly away and the black-winged vulture of despair to take its place; when Georgia had been subjugated and Cornwallis had overrun South Carolina and North Carolina and was moving toward Virginia, and all the cities upon the Northern coast were in the possession of British soldiers or sailors, then it was that the men of the mountains in which JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY was born and raised, under the leadership of John Sevier, afterwards the first governor of Tennessee, and Isaac Shelby, afterwards the first governor of Kentucky, and their immortal compatriots, without any orders from the General Government, without any of them wearing a uniform, without any of them armed with a weapon except those purchased with their own money, and mounted on their own horses, descending from those mountains of North Carolina like an avalanche of valor and patriotism, on that fateful day in October, 1780, fell upon the British troops under Ferguson, at Kings Mountain, and delivered a blow whose echoes were heard throughout the length and breadth of the infant Republic, encouraging the hearts of patriots everywhere, and whose reverberations crossed

the Atlantic Ocean and warned King George that the tide of battle had at last turned against him in this New World.

When, in the next war with England, after our armies had been defeated in almost every battle on American soil, after Hull had surrendered at Detroit, after this city had been captured, the Capitol burned, the defenses of Baltimore bombarded, our seacoasts ravaged by English soldiers and English ships, when, in January, 1815, the victorious hosts of England were about to capture New Orleans, and in capturing New Orleans capture Louisiana and the Mississippi River and all that great Western country out of which so many grand States have since been carved, then it was that the mountain men of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky confronted the British forces on the plain of Chalmette, confronted the veteran soldiers who had defeated the armies of Napoleon in old Europe—then it was that these mountain riflemen, with Andrew Jackson at their head, hurled back the armies of Pakenham and Gibbs, and won that victory which has made the name of Jackson and the battle of New Orleans immortal in the history of our country and in the annals of the world.

Mr. MOODY himself had no opportunity to distinguish himself in war, but when the conflict with Spain arose he at once offered his services to his country, and became an officer in our Army. He did all any brave man and patriot could do to show his devotion to his country; and if the necessities of the war had called him to the field of battle he no doubt would have proved himself a worthy son of our mountain land.

Mr. MOODY lived at Waynesville, in "the land of the sky," a beautiful little mountain city 2,600 feet above the level of the sea, and surrounded by mountains 6,000 feet above the level of the sea—more than a mile high. Look which way you will

from Mr. Moody's home and a most magnificent panorama of mountains stands before you, some of the peaks towering sublimely far into the heavens. Notably among these peaks is Junaleska, glorious in its majesty and sublime in its proportions. While we were attending the funeral the clouds and mists enveloped all of the valleys and lower mountains. The great breast of Junaleska was enveloped as in a mighty garment, but through the rifts of the mists could be seen the sunlight on its summit glittering like a crown of glory in the upper sky, recalling vividly the familiar lines—

> As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Such were the surroundings of Mr. Moody's home. None could be lovelier, none more inspiring; and as were the mountains, so was he—massive in his person, a huge body, a great head, stalwart arms, legs of oak, and a heart big, brave, and bountiful. No better specimen of our mountain men ever sat on this floor. Some may have thought him rather rough in his exterior, but, Mr. Speaker—

> Within the oyster's shell uncouth
> The purest pearl may bide;
> Trust me, you'll find a heart of truth
> Within that rough outside.

Such was James Montraville Moody. As a mountain man I had a fellow-feeling for him, as a patriot I honored him, as a friend I loved him. In the very prime of life, but a few days ago in the very glory of healthful manhood, apparently armed against disease from head to foot, with apparently thirty years of active, useful, honorable life ahead of him, and behold, all on a sudden, we saw the flag above this Hall at half-mast. Many of us, knowing nothing of his sickness, and, if knowing

anything, not in the least suspecting a fatal issue, inquired "Who is dead?" The answer came, "JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY."

He was dead, and his death warns us that death is no respecter of persons, that the stoutest, the bravest, the boldest, the youngest are as apt to be reached by the fatal shaft of the impartial archer as is the old man, tottering on his last legs, feebly walking, bent and bowed, with the aid of a cane.

Let us draw a lesson from this, Mr. Speaker, to so conduct our lives that when the end comes to us—as come it must, and come it will, and how soon we know not, for no man knoweth whose name is written upon the arrow which the archer Death will next draw from his quiver—let us so live that when the end comes to us we may fold our arms in hopeful resignation, trusting that when we close our eyes for the last time we close them to this world of trouble and of sorrow only to open them in that other world of peace and joy, in that other "land of the sky," where they will never be closed again, and that there, ready to greet us, in that blessed country of immortality we will behold, transfigured and all glorious, the person of our friend and colleague, JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY.

Address of Mr. Thomas, of North Carolina.

Mr. Speaker: When a few weeks ago the wires flashed to his colleagues in Congress the sad news of the sudden death of James M. Moody the first impression, mingled with regret, made upon my mind was that the pitiless destroyer of mankind had stricken down in the prime of life one who was apparently the most robust of all the members of the North Carolina delegation. Possessing a powerful physical frame and a strong constitution, it seemed to those who knew him well that many years of active life were before him. But men, as well as States and nations, must bow to the divine decree, and while we are divinely told that the allotted period of man's life is three score and ten years, it is the universal human experience that death has no time and no season.

> Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
> And stars to set; but all,
> Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Horace, the Latin poet, voices another experience of humanity when he says:

"Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres"—Pale death with impartial foot knocks at the cottages of the poor and the palaces of kings. "Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam"—The short span of life forbids us to form remote expectations.

James Montraville Moody, Republican, of Waynesville, was born on a farm in Cherokee (now Graham) County, N. C., February 12, 1858. While an infant his parents moved to Haywood County, where he lived and died. As a boy he worked on the farm during the summer months and attended the neighborhood schools in the winter. At the age of 17 he entered Waynesville Academy, remaining two years,

and then attended Candler College, in Buncombe County, N. C., for one year; studied law under a private instructor at Waynesville, and was admitted to the bar in January, 1881. In 1886 was elected prosecuting attorney of the twelfth judicial district of North Carolina, and served in that capacity for four years. In 1894 was elected to the State senate for two years. He served through the Spanish-American war as major and chief commissary of United States Volunteers on the staff of Maj. Gen. J. Warren Keifer, who commanded the First Division of the Seventh Army Corps. He was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress, receiving 19,334 votes, to 17,250 for W. T. Crawford, Democrat.

This brief biographical sketch from the Congressional Directory discloses the sterling qualities of this man to whom to-day we pay a last and an accustomed, but heartfelt and sincere tribute of respect. Lawyer, State senator, solicitor or prosecuting attorney, major in the Spanish-American war, and Congressman—in the brief period of forty-five years few men have achieved such varied distinction. Every position which he won was by dint of hard and earnest work, and was the result of physical and mental toil and effort. His success in life was achieved in his own home, among the mountains of North Carolina, which he loved so well. If nothing was to stay the cold hand of death, it was meet and appropriate that he should die within sight of those grand peaks of the Blue Ridge, piercing the clouds and skies of the "Switzerland of America"—western North Carolina—which have given inspiration and cheer and courage to so many of the most distinguished of North Carolina's many distinguished sons; men like Vance, Merrimon, Clingman, and many others who have been loved and honored by North Carolinians.

Just a week before the departure of Mr. Moody for his home

in Waynesville, when he was feeling depressed and ill, and with evidently some premonition of his approaching end, he said to a newspaper correspondent, "If I am going to die, I want to die where I have lived, among the mountains, God's country." To him it was indeed God's country, and the pure clear air of the mountains was to him the very breath of life.

In all of us dwells the abiding sense of our local attachments, and we long in our last moments to look upon those scenes connected with the earliest and the most beloved memories and associations of our lives. When one of the Presidents of this great Republic, James A. Garfield, was stricken down by the assassin's bullet, Mr. Blaine tells us in his magnificent oration that his early craving for the sea returned and he was borne, accompanied by the hopes and prayers of the nation, to the "longed-for healing of the sea, there to live or die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices."

And so JAMES M. MOODY craved once again for the healing of the mountains, the balsamic odors, the rugged and lofty peaks, the clear, blue sky, and the marvelous changing and shifting clouds and scenes of the "Land of the Sky."

His life was spent among the people of this land from his early boyhood, and they loved, trusted, and honored him. He was faithful and true to them and failed not to respond to every call and demand of his State or country in peace or in war. Honest, laborious, rugged in character and physique as his native and beloved mountains, let us hope that in his last moments he drew inspiration, comfort, courage, and peace from them, and was enabled to look up and beyond the mists and shadows which surround their lofty peaks and with the eye of faith to catch some glimpses of the eternal world and feel from the mountain tops the breath of the eternal morning.

Mr. Speaker, this sudden death of our colleague, following so many other deaths in this Congress, and, in my brief service of two terms in Congress, following the death of many eminent public men, including both a President and Vice-President of the Republic, emphasizes that our human life hangs by a thread; the sword of Damocles, as we sit at the feast, is suspended over us.

"All men think all other men mortal but themselves;" and the idea of following in the footsteps of our departed colleagues in and through the dark Valley of the Shadow is far from the thoughts of any of us; yet we know neither the day nor the hour decreed for our departure. Whether it be near or far, however, the discharge of our duty to the district and the State we represent and to our country is the greatest of all earthly consolations when that inevitable hour comes.

We are told by the historian:

"Over a hundred years ago, on May 19, 1780, in New England there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, still known as 'the dark day,' a day in which the light of the sun was extinguished as if by an eclipse. The legislature of Connecticut was in session; and as its members saw the unexpected darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day, the Day of Judgment, had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the house could proceed with the legislative business."

And so, as has been well said by that great captain and leader of the Southern armies, Robert E. Lee, duty is the sublimest word in the English language; and however near the final

summons may be to any one of us, the example of this old Puritan is worthy of imitation and commendation. And the discharge of our duty will be to us the most comforting thought in our last hour on earth.

> So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan which moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
> Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

ADDRESS OF MR. SMALL, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: The Great Being has decreed that death must come to all. When youth, with its rosy coloring and bright anticipations, ripens into maturity, it is the most conspicuous event which the future casts athwart the horizon. As the members of one's family and one's friends and acquaintances take their departure into the mysterious future we are constantly reminded that we, too, may be the next to cross the dark river. It is well, perhaps, that these reflections should bid us pause from time to time in the busy march of life and ask when each of us may fall from the ranks and join the innumerable company which have gone before.

Familiarity with death and the consciousness of our lot does not, however, detract from the solemnity of each occasion when we are called upon to mourn the loss of one with whom we have been associated in life. Whether we look upon it with shuddering horror, or whether faith has clothed the life to come with brightness and happiness, or whether the suffering and unhappiness of this world look with welcome upon the transition, it is still all mysterious and unfathomable by the exercise of any of the faculties with which we are endowed. Let those who have faith in immortality and in a brighter and better life nurture their faith and their anticipations, because they are thereby made happier in this world and have assurances of that which is to come.

It was not my good fortune to know intimately Mr. MOODY. While we both lived in the same State, yet we were separated several hundred miles. His home was in the mountains, under

the shadow, almost, of Mount Mitchell, while my home was far even beyond the foothills, in the level tide-water plateau, near old ocean.

I dislike a fulsome eulogy to the dead. There exist in every man, particularly those who have followed the bent of ambition and achieved distinction, characteristics and impulses which single him out apart from his fellows. There are none of us without faults.

I was one of the members of this House who accompanied the committee on its sad mission to Waynesville to participate in the last honors to all that was mortal of our late friend and colleague. On the day when we laid his body away in the beautiful cemetery the elements contributed to add their share of gloom to the occasion. In his home town, nestling in a beautiful valley, and surrounded by grand and lofty mountains, which seem to wall it in from the outer world, the mist and the rain shrouded the mountain tops and swept over into the vale below. However, this did not deter the friends and acquaintances of the dead from gathering once more to gaze upon their comrade and honored citizen and to follow the cortege to his last resting place. Not only from the town, but from the surrounding country, they came, on horseback and in vehicles, along heavy mountain roads and through the pelting rain. I talked with some of them about the dead man, and there were two characteristics upon which all were in harmony and upon which they loved to dwell. One was his kindly, impulsive, generous heart, particularly toward the helpless and the weak, and the other was his love of those whom we call the people.

I have an intense admiration for a man of kindly, humane impulses and sympathetic heart; the man who carries with him sunshine, who can weep with those who are in sorrow and

laugh with those who are in gladness; who speaks a kind and cheerful word to those who are despondent and unhappy and who extends the glad hand of encouragement to those who are faint-hearted; for the man who is willing to divide with the poor and who is ever ready to listen to the appeals of the less fortunate. The greatest of all virtues is charity—charity of purpose, charity of opinion, the charity which overlooks frailties and the faults of others. It was said that very few appealed to him in vain, and that there were men and women among those sturdy mountaineers who had been lifted up and encouraged and induced to turn their faces again to the light under the inspiration of his kindly nature.

Mr. MOODY had been reared among the people of the mountains. He had been in their homes; he was familiar with their habits, their trials, their hopes and aspirations. They had known him in youth and they had watched with pride his steady progress to manhood. Promotion and advancement did not cause him to forget his old friends and acquaintances. While ambitious, he was not proud. As he entered the world, far removed from his old environments, surrounded by new faces and friends, his heart ever turned toward the mountains, and he was always glad of the opportunity to mingle again with his people and to stand upon his native heath. When he left this beautiful city and gazed for the last time upon its stately Capitol, he realized that he might not return again, and expressed the wish, if he must die, that he be permitted to take a last farewell in sight of his mountains and surrounded by his own people.

Charity and love of the people! These two traits alone are enough to distinguish him and to preserve his memory. The good minister who officiated in the solemn funeral services in the church referred to the beautiful floral offerings which

were piled in profusion around the bier and expressed the hope that the memory of Mr. MOODY might continue longer than the fragrance and life of those beautiful flowers. That hope will be realized. Not so much by the stately granite of the monument which shall be reared over his grave, but in the memory of the good men and women who knew his virtues in life and who will preserve them for all time to come as a sweet and precious heritage.

ADDRESS OF MR. W. W. KITCHIN, OF NORTH CAROLINA

Mr. SPEAKER: Under the order of the House I desire to record a tribute to the memory of the departed friend whom eternity's dreaded deputy has so lately summoned from our midst. Mr. MOODY was a lawyer by profession, as are all the other North Carolina Representatives. He was an earnest, strong advocate, easily comprehending the important facts and presenting them with great clearness and power. He soon became recognized as a splendid jury lawyer. At the age of 28 he was elected solicitor, or prosecuting attorney, as the office is called in some States, of what was then the twelfth judicial district of North Carolina, and served as such for four years. There is, in my judgment, no position in the gift of the people better than a solicitorship for the development of a lawyer's mind and heart, for the growth of his love of justice and humanity, for quickening his understanding and improving his presentation of views. This opportunity was taken by our friend, and his performance of its duties was the basis of his subsequent honors.

In politics he was a staunch, uncompromising Republican and believed in the doctrines and policies of his party. In the most hotly contested campaigns known to our State in this generation, even in those in which his party suffered defeat, his rugged honesty, his never failing loyalty, his undaunted personal courage were sources of strength to his party throughout the mountain section of the State. Notwithstanding his party zeal he had the respect and friendship of political opponents in a very large degree, perhaps more

so than any other person in the State of equal activity and prominence in politics.

As a member of this body he was diligent, and to every demand made upon him by his constituents he was attentive—a faithful servant of his people. Probably the most important work he did was in behalf of the Appalachian Park. He knew the country proposed to be embraced in it and understood the entire matter as few members do, and to him was intrusted the duty of preparing the report in its favor. It was near and dear to his heart, and I doubt not that one of the disappointments of his public career came to him when he found that the Appalachian Park bill would not be permitted to have consideration during this Congress. The work he did has not been lost, and we trust the day is not far distant when success will crown the efforts in behalf of that great national forest reserve which he and others began in this Congress.

Mr. MOODY and myself lived at the same hotel, and I learned to know him well. I remember distinctly the last time I saw him. It was in the lobby of our hotel the day before he went home to prematurely lay down life's burden, and was probably the first time he had been out of his room in several weeks. The fatal malady had announced its presence, and yet he was deeply interested in matters pertaining to his people. For him I had that day succeeded in having an item put in the Indian appropriation bill for the relief of some of his constituents, for whom he had introduced a bill. He was highly gratified, and expressed great pleasure over it, as it meant so much to his constituents.

I had heard that his physician had fears for his recovery, and as I looked upon his massive frame I wondered that such fears could be serious, and hoped that his going home to his

beautiful mountain country would be followed by a speedy return to his accustomed health. A few days thereafter, on February 5, a telegram brought the sad news that JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY was no more. It was not my fortune to accompany the funeral party from this city, the scene of his last activities, to Waynesville, where he died, but my sympathies went to that sorrowing town and to his loved ones bereaved. His wife and children have the consolation that integrity, courage, ability, and honor leave, but above all else they have the hope that he awaits them in "an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Our friend had considered that all-important question: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and had made the preparation of wisdom by accepting the doctrines of Jesus Christ and dedicating himself to His service. When the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken the belief that our loved one's spirit lives forever where there is no sin is the greatest solace good men and women can have.

When this Congress began, one scanning its membership would never have selected our friend as destined to early death. He was a man of large proportions, about 6 feet tall, and weighed perhaps 225 pounds; broad-shouldered, a giant in physical strength. He seemed in the prime of vigorous manhood. We are reminded that with each day the never-erring archer comes nearer to us, and one by one his shafts shall take our lives. The sands in the hourglass run swiftly and the old must die, but the archer reserves not his arrows for them alone. The fall of friend after friend in age and in youth, in weakness and in strength, speaks to us as of old, "Be ye also ready." Death respects not youth or strength or anything of which mankind boasts. Decay claims all things

material. There is a limit for all that can be felt or seen; but to the immaterial there is no decay, no limit, no death. The spiritual lives forever free from the germs of disease, exempt from Time's corrosion. Death itself in the presence of the spiritual is powerless. "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

ADDRESS OF MR. LAMB, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Hon. JAMES M. MOODY was a useful member of the Committee on Agriculture. I knew him well and watched his course on that committee. He was an attentive listener to all the hearings. He seldom addressed the committee, but when he did he expressed himself with force and earnestness. His appeal for consideration of the bill establishing the "National Appalachian Forest Reserve" was impressive and convincing, while the report he made on that measure to this House was clear and strong, showing the great necessity for the work and the immense advantages to follow its establishment.

I attended the funeral of Major MOODY, and witnessed the last sad rites over the remains of our colleague. The scene was impressive, and gave a remarkable evidence of the esteem and affection in which he was held by the community where he was born and reared. A stream of people from the town of Waynesville and the surrounding country passed in and out of the home of the dead Congressman to take a last look at their friend and Representative. Rain had been falling continuously for several hours. This did not deter the hardy yeomanry of the counties from attending the funeral of their friend. They stood in long lines with saddened countenances—the sons of men whom I have watched in battle so often, and seen their prostrate forms cover acres of mother earth after the clash of arms had ceased and the cannon's roar had died away.

It was a strange circumstance, that just as the hour for the funeral services arrived the clouds lifted, the sun came out. Above the mists of the clouds shone the mountain peaks. It

was a glorious panorama! The lowlander feasted his eyes and wished he was an artist or a word painter. When the procession was over, and Mother Earth held securely another of her toilers, the rain again fell steadily, and all nature appeared in sympathy with the surrounding gloom and sorrow.

I watched the mourning crowd disperse. I noted the ex-Confederate soldiers, spoke to several of them, and heard one, who was in charge of an order of knights to which the deceased belonged, say, "Close up, men." I had heard the expression before—had seen North Carolina's sons "close up" on many a hard-fought field.

We know the early and later history of the Old North State. She gave the first martyr to the Revolution; the first to the glorious struggle for the rights of the South, and the first for the Cuban independence.

North Carolina has furnished to the country many military and civic heroes who will occupy a high niche in the temple of fame, but no more touching tribute to the rank and file of her brave sons can be made than the recording in her archives of the names of these three heroes.

Their deeds will be mentioned and their names repeated by the coming generations of the Old North State while the restless ocean laves her eastern shores and the silent mountains, that look eternal, guard her western confines.

Amidst the charms and inspirations of western North Carolina our deceased colleague grew up, struggling with difficulties and advancing step by step until he was recognized as one of her most useful citizens and honored by her people with various positions of trust and responsibility.

I can best portray his public and private character and contribute my share in preserving a record of his life by quoting a part of a tribute to Major Moody found in one

of the papers of his State a few days after his sad and untimely end:

As a representative of the bar he was one of the most successful of the State. He was especially prominent as a criminal lawyer. His public service gave general satisfaction to all classes of people regardless of faith or party. As State senator, as Congressman, no man ever labored more enthusiastically for the good of his county; he seemed to have every man's interest at heart and he labored hard that he might do the best for each and all. He was devoted to his work and no social occasion ever persuaded him away from duty. But it is not necessary to speak at length of his public services. Their character is the best attestation of their worth and sincerity. They glow upon his country's history. They burn in shimmering glory upon his country's banner. They are written upon hearts of multitudes with a stylus of fire.

As a man he was a center of attraction, a favorite among all classes of people. To know him was to love him; his great heart and personal magnetism, his manly sympathy and noble affability, charmed thousands into his friendship. On this ground many men of the opposite political faith forgot their own party and voted for him.

In the passing away of so many members of the Fifty-seventh Congress we are reminded that—

> Death rides on every passing breeze,
> He lurks in every flower.

We have seen the youngest and the strongest fall before the "grim monster."

Who will be the next victim?

> The youth in life's green spring and he who goes
> In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
> The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
> Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
> By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

Address of Mr. Clark, of Missouri.

Mr. Speaker: When the Fifty-seventh Congress convened, if one had been called upon to select, on view, the two members destined for greatest length of days, he would most likely have selected R. C. De Graffenreid, of Texas, and James Montraville Moody, of North Carolina. In a month's journey a traveler would have found no more splendid specimens of American manhood. Robust, in the morning of life, handsome, ambitious, courageous, and patriotic, they have been cut off untimely, suddenly, unexpectedly, to the amazement of their fellows and the sorrow of their friends.

Mr. Moody served his country both in the field and in Congress. The record shows that he was a faithful soldier and a faithful Representative. He possessed in a large degree the popular manner, and consequently was a prime favorite both at home and in Washington.

It so happened, Mr. Speaker, that I was one of the Congressional committee appointed to attend his funeral at his home in Waynesville, amid the mountains of the old North State—among the people who knew him best. The scenes witnessed there constitute a triumphant refutation of the cynical proverb, "Familiarity breeds contempt." We were among the familiars of James Montraville Moody—his kindred, his neighbors, his political supporters, his political opponents. There was no trace of contempt. There were indubitable signs of affection and grief on every hand.

The rich, the poor, the old, the young, white and black, male and female were there by the thousand, and the only

feeling among those mountaineers was pride in the dead Congressman, sorrow for their departed friend. All the preachers of the town participated in the funeral proceedings, and he was followed to the grave by the uniformed societies of the county and by a vast concourse of weeping constituents.

It may be doubted if in this wide, wide world there is a more beautiful or picturesque spot than the place where Mr. MOODY sleeps his final sleep. The mountains which he loved so well stand mute sentinels about his grave. There we laid him to rest to await the final summons which will call the quick and the dead to the judgment bar of God.

Address of Mr. Johnson, of South Carolina.

Mr. Speaker: It is fitting that we should pause amid the pressing duties of the closing hours of the session to pay tribute to the memory of one of our fellow-members who has been taken from the scene of his labors by the remorseless hand of Death.

It is well known that the people of mountainous sections of country are remarkable for their intensity of feeling, their love of independence and liberty, their generosity and hospitality, and their want of hypocrisy. The story of William Tell and the deeds of Robert Bruce are immortal tributes to the character of all mountain peoples. They are the most loyal people in the world. If they are your friends you need never doubt their fidelity, and if they are your enemies they never attempt to deceive you.

Such are the people of western North Carolina, and James M. Moody truly represented them, not only upon the floor of this House, where he was always their able and faithful champion, but he represented them as a man. Those who opposed him knew that he was actuated always by the highest and purest motives, and those who labored with him knew that he never tried to deceive an opponent. The crags and peaks of the Blue Ridge stand like everlasting monuments to the native honesty of his warm and generous heart.

As a member of the Committee on Agriculture he was in a position to serve his constituents in a substantial way, and his service was always at the command of his people. No member of the House was more deeply interested in the proposed Appalachian Forest Reserve than was Mr. Moody,

because that measure was of more importance to his people than any other that has been before this Congress. Not only the people of his own Congressional district, but all the millions who dwell between the mountains and the sea are indebted to him for his untiring efforts in support of this measure which is of such vast importance to them.

Of course no words that any member of this Congress could utter would lessen the grief of the stricken wife and children, but it may be some consolation to them to know that he was honored among those with whom he labored, and who knew the nature of his duties, and the manner in which he performed them. He was in the midst of his manhood, and at his post of duty, when Death, which must come sooner or later to each one of us, came rapping at his door, and he has crossed over the river, as we all hope and believe, to begin the better life.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruits
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours
The warm, sweet breath of May.

Address of Mr. Blackburn, of North Carolina.

Mr. Speaker: Another passenger is cast upon the echoless shore. One of our comrades is gone. Time's relentless tide heaves unceasingly, and back from the cruel breakers of the great unknown comes no message. Moody of North Carolina has joined the innumerable hosts and answers to the roll call of another house. The stillness of the grave shrouds in silent mystery all that was mortal of our contemporary. His seat is vacant and the work he was seemingly chosen to do remains unfinished. He goes out and is among us no more. His stalwart manhood succumbed to the cruel edicts of fate and we know him only for what he was. His sudden taking off is a sad reminder that to us all death comes soon or late. His work, only begun, remains as an earnest of what his genius might have accomplished had he been spared a little while longer. In his brief career, to those who knew him well, are many traits of character we might well emulate. Born in western North Carolina in February, 1858, remote from the centers of population and the advantages of educational facilities, he accomplished much more than most of us. His parents were poor, but gave to him as an heritage those sterling qualities of manhood and integrity which make themselves felt, whether in the remote sections of our great land or the greatest centers of intelligence. From the lofty peaks among which he spent his childhood he gathered inspiration and drank in the deep drafts of worthy ambition.

His early life was not unlike that of the many hundreds of whom he was one, but his young soul was not content with the mere humdrum, and life held for him greater charms and the future rare prizes, won by those only who have the energy to seek and the ability to acquire. In the simple surroundings of

his childhood there was no trail to direct him, but his genius blazed the path, and MOODY'S ambition and energy built the highway which identified him with the legislation of his State and nation ere he had reached the noontide of life. In early years he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and practiced in the town of Waynesville, N. C., from which point he was soon able to reach out and make himself felt in all the important litigation of the entire district, which he afterwards represented on the floor of this Chamber. In 1884 he was elected mayor of his town. In 1886 he was elected solicitor of his district, and served the people and State with considerate and marked ability.

In 1892 the Republican State convention nominated him for lieutenant-governor of North Carolina, and he canvassed the State for his principles and party in his own forceful and dignified way. Two years later he went to the legislature of North Carolina, representing the interest of his people and maintaining the principles of his party with all the energy and force of his broad nature. When the Spanish war was upon us, President McKinley honored him with a commission of major in the ranks of the volunteer forces of our Army, where he remained until the protocol was signed and peace declared. November 6, 1900, found him Congressman-elect from the Ninth North Carolina district, in which position he served his remaining days. His people loved him as their own. Their every wish was his; his very interest theirs. He served them with a devotion both interesting and pathetic, and his untimely taking off was to them as deep a regret as to us a surprise and pain.

In disposition he was amiable and kind, in decision firm, in all things honest, at all times sympathetic, ever manly. One of nature's own noblemen, he spent his life in sunshine and the accomplishment of good. Born and reared in one of nature's great amphitheaters, surrounded by lofty peaks and uprising hills, he learned her lessons and taught her philosophy. His

mind reached beyond the narrow limits of district and State lines and his one object was the welfare of our common country. Against conditions sterile and uninviting in his beginning, he staked his manhood, and ere the brief lapse of one generation's history he had written his name upon the permanent records of his country. By sheer force of character, good-fellowship, generous nature, and kind thought beyond the range of those about him, he was leader. The world looks for men to do things; when the time came MOODY was there. In politics he was a Republican, but the bitterest foe in political strife would not dare suggest aught against his character, manhood, integrity, or broad generosity.

He fought for what he conceived to be right, upon that broad plane which guarantees at all times the right to think and act as we deem best. He had delved in the darkness and emerged into light. Out of the crude he molded order, and with all he found generous friendship. He was primarily one of the people. Up from the simple walks of life he forged his course, never forgetting the route by which he came or those met upon the way. In his walk there was no boast of heraldry or pomp of power, but the genuine simplicity of a nature true to itself and those about it. The glamour of pompous show appealed in vain to his sturdy mind, and he lived as he was, one of the great mass. From the barefoot boy of a few brief summers gone he had emerged into the lawyer, the legislator, the statesman, and in this Hall we knew him as a representative of his people, laboring at all times for their welfare and their good.

The measure of greatness is not so much what is done as the means by which it is accomplished. In the affairs of this life it is ordinarily results that count, and vastly greater is the genius of the architect who builds the structure of material of his own mold than he who places together that which is already prepared

by some one else. Of the first class was MOODY. He had hewn his own timber, molded his own fastenings, and erected his own structure. How well he did it the history of his country and people will tell. Struck down in the vigor of manhood, the beginning of permanent usefulness, we can but speculate his future career and mourn his sad demise. He was here in season and out of season for the people who trusted him and loved him, and their confidence he never abused.

With ceaseless energy he had labored for the fulfillment of his one dream. The Appalachian Park was his hope, and upon its establishment he had set his heart. With patience and anxiety he awaited the opportune hour to tell his people that his work was completed, but it never came. The pale horse and his rider passed this way and another light went out. Those of us still here bow to the will of Him who holds us in the hollow of His hand and doeth all things well, and await with simple resignation the final call. This day we dedicate to the memory of those who have preceded us. MOODY'S name we call with reverence; true as a friend, kind and patient as a husband, indulgent as a father, honest as a citizen and legislator, we pay to him this last rite, extend to his community, friends, and bereaved family our deepest sympathy, and record it upon the pages of our country's history.

> For him no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
> Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
> No children run to lisp their sire's return,
> Or climb his knee, the envied kiss to share.

All that was mortal of him we have laid to rest in the silent churchyard among his native hills. There he sleeps silently, peacefully, in the bosom of his country and his God, awaiting his final summons and eternal reward.

And then (at 4 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.), in pursuance of the resolutions, and as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased members, the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

FEBRUARY 6, 1903.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

The message further communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY, late a Representative from the State of North Carolina, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

The message also announced that the Speaker of the House had appointed Mr. Kluttz, of North Carolina; Mr. Blackburn, of North Carolina; Mr. Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina; Mr. Brownlow, of Tennessee; Mr. Gibson, of Tennessee; Mr. Tate, of Georgia; Mr. Finley, of South Carolina; Mr. Johnson, of South Carolina; Mr. Lamb, of Virginia; Mr. Haugen, of Iowa; Mr. Henry, of Connecticut; Mr. Randell, of Texas; Mr. Cooney, of Missouri; Mr. Pou, of North Carolina; Mr. Small, of North Carolina; Mr. Clark, of Missouri; Mr. Wright, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Cochran, of Missouri, members of the committee on the part of the House to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE JAMES M. MOODY.

Mr. SIMMONS. I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions from the House of Representatives relative to the death of my colleague in that body.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions of the House, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has learned with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY, member of this House from the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That a committee of members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to take order concerning the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate, and transmit a copy of the same to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

Mr. SIMMONS. Mr. President, later a number of Senators will submit remarks to the Senate on the life and character of the deceased. For the present the resolutions of the House may lie on the table, and I ask unanimous consent for the adoption of the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Senator from North Carolina submits resolutions, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. JAMES M. MOODY, late a Representative from the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the President pro tempore, to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives, to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore appointed as the committee under the second resolution Mr. Pritchard, Mr. Simmons, Mr. Clark, of Wyoming; Mr. Dietrich, and Mr. Heitfeld.

Mr. SIMMONS. Mr. President, I move, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 3 o'clock and 18 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Saturday, February 7, 1903, at 12 o'clock meridian.

FEBRUARY 23, 1903.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

The message further communicated to the Senate resolutions passed by the House commemorative of the life and services of Hon. JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY, late a Representative from the State of North Carolina.

MARCH 1, 1903.

Mr. PRITCHARD. Mr. President, I ask that the resolutions from the House of Representatives commemorative of the life and character of Hon. JAMES M. MOODY, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of North Carolina, may be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
February 22, 1903.

Resolved, That in pursuance of the special order heretofore adopted the House proceed to pay tribute to the memory of the Hon. JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a faithful and distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of the memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be, and he is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. PRITCHARD. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from North Carolina will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JAMES M. MOODY, late a Representative from the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, in order that fitting tribute be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the Senate, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, do adjourn.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

ADDRESS OF MR. PRITCHARD, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY was born in Cherokee County, N. C., February 12, 1858, and died at his home in Waynesville on February 5, 1903. He left surviving him a wife and six children, the eldest, a lad of 16, inheriting his father's name.

When Mr. MOODY was 2 years of age his parents moved to Jonathans Creek, Haywood County, where he was reared and where he lived until his majority. In his youth he worked on the farm and went to school until he acquired such education as the local schools could give. Afterwards he continued to labor on the farm, using the means thus obtained to defray his expenses while attending Waynesville Academy and Candler College.

He read law under Judges W. B. Ferguson and W. L. Norwood, and was licensed as a practicing attorney by the supreme court of North Carolina at the January term, 1881, and immediately entered upon the practice of his profession at Waynesville, where he resided at the time of his death. He was mayor of Waynesville in 1885, and was elected solicitor of the twelfth judicial district in 1886. He was the candidate of his party for lieutenant-governor in 1892. He was elected to the State senate in 1894, and was commissioned as a major in the volunteer service of the United States during the Spanish-American war in 1898, and assigned to duty on the staff of Maj. Gen. J. Warren Keifer, and by his manly bearing and conscientious discharge of duty won the confidence and esteem of the officers and men with whom he served and the lasting personal friendship of General Keifer. In 1900 he was elected

a member of the Fifty-seventh Congress of the United States from the Ninth Congressional district, and at the time of his death was a contestant for a seat in the next House. Mr. Moody was a good lawyer, and at the time of his death was quite distinguished in the criminal branch of his profession.

His life was in the main a successful one and was wholly free from stain. Those who knew him best valued him highest. He was a son of nature, and the mountaineers among whom he was bred rallied to him in every crisis of his career by a kind of magnetic attraction. The humblest constituent felt free to address him by his Christian name unmarked by any prefix whatsoever. Of humble extraction, he raised himself into a higher sphere without any false dignity derived from his new associations. Like Vance, Swain, Merrimon, Woodfin, and other notable men of the western section of my State, Mr. Moody was cabin-born, and he continued to be cabin-loving after reaching preferment in another circle. Like those men, he had that intense love for his mountain home which, I think, distinguishes all born under such surroundings. In life and in death he continued to be of the "plain people," as Mr. Lincoln called our yeomanry, meaning it to be, as it was, the language of affection. Mr. Moody was a man of stalwart physique, in the very noon of life, and enjoying until recently the fullness of health, hence his death came as a shock to his friends, his constituents, his party. He was a most devoted Republican, exhibiting at all times strong and unflinching convictions. And yet he maintained throughout repeated campaigns the respect of his opponents, and died with the good will of all men. The legislature of his native State adjourned in honor of his memory, after taking suitable action to preserve it, although a very large majority of its members were active partisans of a different political faith.

His funeral was largely attended by his friends and neighbors, who were anxious to show their respect for the memory of one whom they had known from his earliest childhood. I am told that his end was peaceful; that he faced his higher destiny with unabashed brow and saw the seals of his fate unrolled without fear. He had his faults, but against his failings he made fight, manful fight, and if he but partly won let us leave the unfinished fight, as he did, to a stronger arm and a brighter intelligence.

Mr. President, perhaps the most worthy service rendered by my deceased friend, and one with which his name will be honorably connected in the coming years, was his labor in behalf of the Appalachian Park Reserve. To that enterprise he gave the best energies of brain and body. It was nearest his heart to the day when he was stricken with the fearful summons to lay aside his work on earth. That his fondest hope in behalf of that truly national project will yet find fulfillment I have never permitted myself to doubt. The magnificent territory between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, stretching through several of our finest Atlantic States, giving nurture to the streams which later become national highways, crowned with the loftiest watersheds of the East, and adorned with such flora as no other temperate zone can show, is destined under God to be the pleasure ground of half the continent.

When that reasonable and worthy hope is realized I fancy a sweeter sleep will steal over him whom we have lately laid to rest. I fancy some kind ministering messenger will be sent to give him word that his last work on earth was not wholly fruitless.

Address of Mr. Mallory, of Florida.

Mr. President: It is a natural impulse that prompts those who, by association or observation, have learned the intrinsic merit of one who has closed a life of usefulness, to pay such tribute as can be conveyed by our inadequate powers of expression, to the memory of such a career. When Death has placed his imprimatur on the last chapter of our little earthly life story, and what we have done for good or ill has thereby become fixed forever, a part of our irrevocable and unamendable record, it is eminently proper that not only those who have the incentive of personal affection, but that those who in the casual intercourse of a strenuous existence have had occasion to note exceptional and shining traits in the character and career of one who has passed away forever, should also put in as permanent a shape as possible the results of their observation. This impulse ought to have, and generally does have, with the thoughtful, a higher and nobler inspiration than that which evolved the maxim of the ancients which enjoined naught but good when speaking of the dead. Example is the most potent of preceptors. The object lesson is the most impressive method of reaching the understanding and shaping the inclination of the young, and the oftener we can present to their plastic minds authentic illustrations of character which of itself conquers adverse environment, rises to eminence by its innate merit and wins the respect and esteem of good men and women, the greater the probability of our inspiring those who are to follow us with a zealous purpose of emulating such virtue.

The life story of JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY is sufficiently striking to justify us in essaying to preserve it from oblivion. Born among the mountains of western North Carolina February 12, 1858, he died one week before his forty-fifth birthday, on February 5, 1903. The illness which ended his life began here in Washington, but did not prove fatal until after his arrival at his home in Waynesville, where he breathed his last, surrounded by his wife and six children, the eldest of whom, a boy, is 16 years of age.

Like most of the people of that part of North Carolina, young MOODY'S parents, during his boyhood, were in very moderate circumstances, and for a number of years his attendance at the local school was made subordinate to his attention to farm work. As he grew older and began to develop the splendid physique which in the full flower of manhood made him a most striking figure, he worked industriously on a farm until he had accumulated means enough wherewith to pay his schooling at the Waynesville Academy for two years and to place him at Candler College in North Carolina, where he remained one year. Having thus acquired a fairly good education, he returned to Waynesville, and while maintaining himself there studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1881. In 1886 he had by his industry and ability so impressed the people of the twelfth judicial district that they elected him prosecuting attorney for that district, which position he filled for four years with credit to himself and advantage to the State.

In 1894 he was elected to the State senate of North Carolina for two years, and continued the practice of law until the beginning of the recent war with Spain, when he volunteered and served throughout that war on the staff of Gen. J. Warren Keifer as major and commissary. In November, 1900, he was elected on the Republican ticket to the Fifty-seventh

Congress from the Ninth Congressional district of North Carolina, which position he was filling at the time of his death.

The characteristic feature of this brief record of his career is his purpose and unremitting effort to advance himself in obedience to the promptings of an honorable ambition. It is difficult for one unacquainted with the conditions that environed his youth to appreciate the depressing, almost insurmountable obstacles with which he had to contend in his progress upward. The region in which his youth was passed was isolated from the busy, bustling world by the rugged ramparts of the Appalachian Range, and to a certain extent was a terra incognita even to the people of other sections of North Carolina. Hard conditions and hard living were the rule, and the young men of that section who aspired to rise unaided to commanding positions in the eyes of the people of any considerable part of the State could not well exaggerate the seriousness of the undertaking. But young MOODY was of a material as rugged and unyielding as the blue-hazed mountains that from his infancy had shut in his horizon from the outer world. An early taste for reading had developed in him aspirations and ideals which the narrow sphere in which he moved and the hard conditions in which his lot seemed to have been cast would alone have scarcely justified. But the fever of a noble ambition was in his blood, and with eye steadily fixed upon the goal at which he aimed, he undauntedly dedicated himself to an unswerving pursuit of the difficult upward path that he had elected to follow. How well he adhered to that purpose is amply revealed by the brief recital I have given of the salient events in his public life.

Among his people those elements of character that make for strength, truth, and justice always attract attention, and when

tried and proven they never fail to command general confidence and favor. Singularly modest and unassuming, of manner as gentle as a woman, and with a heart as responsive as that of a child to the griefs of others, this stalwart, kindly eyed mountaineer grappled to that heart with hooks of steel the unreserved affection of all who came in intimate contact with him. Yet was his amiable and sympathetic nature untainted by any trace of weakness. Never self-assertive in nonessentials, he was as unyielding in the support of the principles in which he believed as the basic rocks of his native hills. It is said of him by those who best knew him that in the several heated political contests in which he actively and successfully engaged as a principal he never lost a friend nor made an enemy.

It would be strange indeed if such a character, so steadfast and true in the observance of his public obligations, should have been otherwise than a devoted husband and father. He was essentially a son of the land of the sky, and, like the eagle, he fretted and chafed when exiled from his mountain home. To him his modest home at Waynesville was the altar at which he worshiped, and within its walls were enshrined the objects of his soul's adoration. It was his fondest hope to give to his children advantages which he had been denied, or which, at best, he had but imperfectly enjoyed, and without doubt the bitterest pang he experienced, when realizing that his hours on earth were numbered, was in the thought that those loved ones, so dependent in their weakness, should be bereft of his guiding hand and sheltering affection.

The spectacle of a helpless little brood, hushed and awe-stricken, in the presence of a calamity so dire, the enormity of which their understanding fails fully to comprehend, is one that we are constantly called on to witness; but witness it as often as we may, its recurrence never fails to thrill our hearts with

sympathetic emotion and to cause us to marvel at the mystery of our ways—

> That are never all in darkness, and are never wholly bright.

Mr. President, there exists in the minds of many worthy people an impression, little short of conviction, that active participation in political life, as we have it in this country, is essentially demoralizing, and that the man who devotes himself to the pursuit of such honors and distinction as constitute its prizes must necessarily suffer more or less moral detriment.

That, unhappily, there have been instances which those who make this contention may cite in its support will not be denied, but such cases are relatively rare, and certainly can not justly cast a smirch on the memory or reputation of the many honored names that adorn our political history.

That political life, like any other sphere in which men contend with each other, presents temptations, which embraced will produce demoralization, is undoubtedly true, but that such temptations are less successfully resisted in the political than in other fields of acute human contention is controverted by the observation and experience of every unprejudiced mind.

The life and career of the subject of this sketch is illustrative of this view. After having won all the honors for which he had striven—and his political contests were always characterized by energy and zealous effort on both sides—he remained the same kindly, unaffected character, the same frank, honest, and outspoken exponent of truth and justice that he was when as a young man he won the respect, esteem, and devotion of the sturdy mountaineers with whom his fortunes were cast. In his make-up there was no alloy, no baser metal that could be marred by the corroding touch of sordid influences.

A modest, unaffected gentleman; a citizen who enjoyed the

confidence and personal regard of all classes of his fellow-citizens; a patriot who, at the first peal of the dread tocsin of war, stepped to the front with sword and life dedicated to his country's cause; a Representative of his people in the nation's great council, justly conservative, but ever alert to the interests of his constituency, and a husband and father most devoted; his life story, rounded and complete, will ever be an inspiration to those who, disheartened by repressive conditions, yet aspire to the realization of loftier ideals.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from North Carolina [Mr. Pritchard].

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to, with the exception of the one relating to adjournment.

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